THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Literary Miscellany.

VOL. II.] *PHILADELPHIA, October* 25, 1806. [No. 43.

The price of the Evening Fire-side is three dollars per annum.

For the Evening Fire-side.

THE PHILANTHROPIST: NO. XXV.

Perhaps it may turn out ——
—— —— —— a sermon.
BURNS.

There is not a more convincing proof of the sacred origin of the inspired writings, than their wonderful adaptation to the various circumstances of the human mind; there is no situation in which we may be placed, to which some parts of them do not aptly apply. The ardency of youth is admonished to caution, the fearful are inspired with courage, the weak are cloathed with strength, and into the soul of the sorrowful is poured consolation. Happy is the man, who, in all the vicissitudes of life, possesses an unshaken faith in their divine import.

The attention of the *Philanthropist* has been forcibly arrested, by that sublime and pathetic admonition in the sermon on the mount; where the compassionate Messiah calls to the desponding child of poverty; bids him raise his drooping head, and look abroad into one of the most common, yet most instructive scenes of nature; pointing (in the language of melting compassion) his attention to the state of the feathered tribes: "Behold" says he, "the fowls of the air, they sow not, neither do they gather into barns, and yet your heavenly Father feedeth them."

Gentle Reader—if ever thy wandering steps have led thee to the leafless grove, when the snows have whitened the plain, and invested every sign of verdure; when the chill winds of winter murmured among the branches, and every little brook was bound in silent fetters; at such a season has not thy heart been touched with pity to see the unsheltered inhabitant of the forest, and consider that every source of nourishment was probably cut off. Reader, if such have been thy feelings, in *thine* ear this language will be melody. Though "they sow not, neither gather into barns, yet our heavenly father feedeth them."

To the afflicted and desponding, how consoling is this instance of divine superintendance. The most destitute inhabitant of the cottage, can hardly be more destitute than the tenant of a leafless grove.—The frozen earth refuses to give up its nourishment; the wood and the field is wrapped in a snowy mantle, and where? say where, ye heirs of affliction, shall they now satisfy the cravings of hunger, except "your heavenly Father feedeth them?"

Lift up then thy head in hope, Oh child of despondency! put thy confidence in the arm of *Omnipotence*, and when thou hast done the little in thy power, be not anxiously careful for the morrow. He who feedest the sparrows, will feed thee; for assuredly, thou art of "more worth than many sparrows." Consider the lillies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these! Doth God take care for sparrows, doth he so clothe the grass of the field, and shall he not much more feed and clothe you, Oh ye of little faith!

V.

For the Evening Fire-side.

Cannot the *learned* council there,
Make laws in any shape appear?
Mould 'em as witches do their clay,
When they make pictures to destroy?
And vex 'em into any form,
That fits their purpose to do harm?
Can they not juggle, and with slight
Conveyance, play with wrong and right;
And sell their *blasts of wind* as dear,
As Lapland witches bottled air?
HUDIBRAS.

Obeying the impulse of duty, the friend of woman again seizes his pen with a determination to assert and defend her rights and prerogatives; conscious that a nobler cause could not impel him to action, nor a juster motive induce him to exchange his usual taciturnity and coolness for the noise of conflict and the heat of engagement.

When we have advanced a sentiment, it behoves us to support it so long as reason illumes it with probability, and justice enlivens it with the rays of truth. So when we have embarked in a cause, whose object is the dissemination of useful knowledge, and the promotion of social happiness, it is a duty we owe to ourselves and to society, to continue steadfastly to progress—to surmount every obstacle which prejudice may raise, or envy erect, and by a just exercise of those powers which a bounteous benefactor has bestowed upon us, confute the miserable

"—— grumblers of an envious age,
"Vapid in spleen, or brisk in frothy rage;
"Critics, who, ere they understand defame"—
And others blast, to get themselves a name.

In my last essay, I endeavoured to shew by argument and *illustration*, that the female mind is capable of soaring above the grovelling scenes of sordid pleasure and voluptuous indolence. I did not intend to exhibit the character of Madame D'Eon as a paragon of excellence for our fair ones to emulate in every point. Indeed I should be very sorry to see one clad in the habiliments of war, and marching at the head of a regiment to encounter an enemy. It was only adduced to shew the power of education, and the force of habit. "Who wishes," (says a contemporary *philosopher*) "to see our females copying the masculine Madame D'Eon?" For my part I must confess with him, that a woman is much more at home when she is at the head of a family of children, than a company of dragoons. But as this "*philosopher*" has such an invincible repugnance for war and the exaltation of the female character, I will leave the chevalier D'Eon, but first recommend for his perusal, the works of Ann Radcliffe, Mercy Warren, Lady Montague, and many others of eminence and merit, who have enlightened the world with their pre-

cepts, and whoſe works, perhaps, may happily cauſe an improvement in his ſtyle of compoſition.

A new thing naturally excites curioſity. Upon taking up the "Fire-ſide" of laſt Saturday, I was ſtruck with the appearance of an *original eſſay*, proudly diſplaying at the head, the hieroglyphic of a *Taper*. I was not a little anxious to peruſe it, as I expected to get conſiderable information: for *names* in our times go a great way. I began, but on reading the motto, was very ſorry to find that the writer had miſtaken the name of the author from whom he quoted. But perhaps the *great ſimilarity* between the names of Young and Milton was the cauſe of his placing the name of the latter to three lines which the curious reader may find in the firſt page of Young's Night Thoughts;—or perhaps a ſudden *puff* of wind cauſed the *Taper* to "flare" rather fiercely—or, another thought ſtrikes me, which, by the bye, appears the moſt probable—the gentleman is ſo completely converſant with both authors, that he quotes without book or memorandum! But to purſue the direct thread; finding the piece levelled at me, I peruſed it with attention and calmneſs, but could not at the end help exclaiming extemporaneouſly, in the genuine *ſtyle* of the immortal Milton.

Taper, smallest made of lights by man,
Obtrudes his littleness, and now intends
To blind all eyes with his excessive g are,
Beyond conception strong.

I have endeavoured to form an analyſis of *Taper*.—I have weighed him in the balance, and he is found wanting. He is by judges pronounced hugely rancid, "ſtale, flat, and unprofitable." I ſhould ſuppoſe him to be very old, or elſe made up of drippings, for in burning he emits the "rankeſt compound of villainous ſmell," (to uſe the words of Falſtaff) "that ever offended noſtril." I would juſt whiſper in *Taper's* ear by way of caution and advice, that while he condems one for *bombaſtic* writing, he ſhould be very careful of running into the oppoſite extreme; for the diſcord of the lofty organ is ever more grateful to an ear of taſte, than the childiſh ſqueaking of a corn-ſtalk fiddle.

Becauſe an error has exiſted "almoſt ſix thouſand years," is that any reaſon it ſhould remain ſix thouſand longer? Becauſe a portion of the human ſpecies have been held in bondage and contempt for numberleſs ages, ſhall that paltry plea retain them, and exclude every hope of emancipation? I do not wiſh to ſee woman obtain the ſupremacy, nor every girl ſtriving to emulate the luxury of a Cleopatra, or the heroiſm of a Zenobia. But I wiſh to ſee her become the rational and enlightened companion of man, with whom the explorer of philoſophy can delight to paſs an hour in the noble interchange of ſentiment, and the man of gallantry for more exalted purpoſes than the reciprocation of unmeaning compliments, or the gratification of a paraſitical propenſity.

There can be no doubt of *Taper's* abilities and knowledge of human nature, when he aſſerts women want very little learning to make good houſe-keepers; and that they may darn ſtockings and repair ſhirts without a knowledge of the mathematics, or having progreſſed in the literary world beyond the hiſtory of "Sally Careleſs," or the renowed "Tom Thumb."

I will no longer treſpaſs upon the time of my readers, for (to uſe the *ſonorous* language of my adverſary) "verily, verily," I do "verily" believe in a little time,

——"All may laugh to see that light,
"Which lately shone so fierce and bright,
"End in a —— at last, and vanish into night"

J.

Selected for the Evening Fire-side.

[The following lines were written by a British Statesman of celebrity, now living. They breathe much morality and ingenuousness.]

[*Columbian Centinel*]

THE MANSION OF REST.

I talk'd to my flattering heart,
And I chid its wild wandering ways;
I charg'd it from folly to part,
And to husband the best of its days;
I bade it no longer admire
The meteors that Fancy had drest.
I whisper'd, 'twas time to retire,
And seek for a Mansion of Rest.

A Charmer was list'ning the while,
Who caught up the tone of my lay:
O come then, she cried, with a smile,
And I'll show you the place and the way:
I follow'd the witch to her home,
And vow'd to be always her guest;
"Never more," I exclaim'd, "will I roam,
"In search of the Mansion of Rest."

But the sweetest of moments will fly;
Not long was my fancy beguil'd,
For too soon I confess'd with a sigh,
That the Syren deceiv'd, while she smil'd.
Deep, deep, did she stab the repose
Of my trusting and innocent breast,
And the door of each avenue close,
That led to the Mansion of Rest.

Then friendship entic'd me to stray,
Through the long magic wiles of romance,
But I found that he meant to betray,
And shrunk from the Sorcerer's glance;
For Experience had taught me to know,
That the soul which reclin'd on his breast,
Might toss on the billows of woe,
And ne'er find the Mansion of Rest.

Pleasure's path I determin'd to try,
But Prudence I met in the way,
Conviction flash'd light from her eye,
And appear'd to illumine my day;
She cry'd---as she show'd me a grave,
With nettles and wild-flowers dress'd,
O'er which the dark cypress did wave---
"Behold there, the Mansion of Rest."

She spoke---and half vanish'd in air,
For she saw mild Religion appear,
With a smile that would banish Despair,
And dry up the penitent tear;
Doubts and fears from my bosom were driven,
As pressing the Cross to her breast,
And pointing serenely to Heaven,
She show'd the true Mansion of Rest.

For the Evening Fire-side.

"The clock strikes one ——
—— it is the knell of our departed hours."
YOUNG.

I certainly muſt hope to be pardoned fo attempting a ſubject, which has been ſup poſed by many to be worn thread-bare. am well aware, that it has been the them of almoſt every modern writer; and hav not the preſumption to ſuppoſe, that I coul either illumine, or enliven it; but ſtill a willing to join with the thouſands, wh are marching in the trodden path. Th abuſe of this invaluable bleſſing, has be cenſured in every age, from the pulpit an the preſs; and if the world could be pe fected by moral leſſons, I am ſure the po could never have had occaſion to exclai "we take no note of time." On grou that has been explored by almoſt eve maſter; what could be hoped to be gath ed. Yet a GLEANER has preſented, in t laſt number of the Fire-Side, a project c culated to awaken the moſt careleſs; "trace the feathered feet of time," to n with certainty the paſſing moments, a ring with a thundering tongue, the "kn of our departed hours."

But what does it all avail? in ſpite the lectures of the divine, of the prece of the philoſopher, of the projects of t GLEANER, the world ſtill runs the ſa race, all, all are regardleſs of the march time; all but *Sir Simon Seconds*, he, wort gentleman, in the cool and calm evening life, has made his obſervations on men manners; he has ſeen the young and giddy dancing through the paths of p

ſure, forgetful that the hour is faſt approaching, when health and ſtrength muſt be exchanged for diſeaſe and decrepitude.

He has ſeen the merchant in the meridian of life, of extenſive buſineſs, of enlarged fortune, ſtill graſping after more, and ſtill extending his enterprize to every quarter of the globe. Silly mortal! art thou noting the ſilent but certain march of time? no! thou forgetteſt that the moment is near at hand, when thy head ſhall be whitened by the ſnows of age; and when the treaſures thou has gathered, cannot be enjoyed, for the "gates of death" ſhall "ſhut upon thy proſpects."

Theſe were the reflections of *Sir Simon*, and this was his determination, that it never ſhould be ſaid of him, "thou art one of the number of thoſe, who "take no note of time."

"Time is the ſtuff that life is made of," and he was determined to be obſervant of it: with this view, repentant of his former folly, he purchaſed a new time-keeper, of the moſt excellent conſtruction; and it now has become the ſettled habit of his life, to take an obſervation every day, that his watch may be exactly correct. Convinced of the great importance of noting each paſſing moment. Time is his ſubject in every converſation with the learned and the ſimple, with the maiden of fifty, and even with the laſs of fifteen, time is his darling theme: in every company he expatiates on time; he reaſons, he quarrels on time, and exultingly ſhews a timekeeper correct to a ſecond. His watch and himſelf, are inſeparable; and 'tis a pity that time, the great deſtroyer, ſhould ever commit depredations on either; for the one regulates the city, and the other is in himſelf, too good a leſſon to be loſt. It is impoſſible to ſee him, without thinking of the moments that are haſtening to the ocean of eternity.

Such is *Sir Simon Seconds:* perhaps he may be ſmiled at, but he is juſt as conſiſtent as moſt of the declaimers on time. It is objected to him, that while he is noting the moments that are inceſſantly ſtealing from the ſum of exiſtence, time engroſſes all his attention, and he neglects to prepare for that event, which he ſees approaching. Extend the cenſure further; of the thouſands who are forever lecturing others, on the abuſe of time, how few make a proper uſe of it themſelves: it ſhould ſeem that they think it ſufficient for them, to point out to others, the proper conduct, while they are privileged to act as they pleaſe. While they are preſſing it on others to improve the preſent moment, and "take no heed of the morrow," they neglect their own leſſons; riot in luxurious living, and are gathering with a greedy hand into barns and ſtore houſes; in fine, how many do we know, who, notwithſtanding call their profeſſions, are not more conſiſtent than *Sir Simon Seconds.*

X.

For the Evening Fire-side.

A ſubject for converſation and reflection at the tea-table.

The following beautiful lines are from the pen of Mr. Cowper, the celebrated poet, to whom the public are indebted for many elegant and delightful pieces: the ſimplicity and genuine poetic pathos diſplayed in this little piece, cannot fail to engage the attention and awaken the ſympathy of the benevolent admirers of the muſes.

To enter into the true ſpirit of this piece, let the reader imagine the following circumſtances of the poor Negro. Jaded with exceſſive fatigue, and ſinking under the weight of inhuman puniſhment, he comes to his miſerable hut, throws himſelf on his mat, and ſeeks relief from his woes in the forgetfulneſs of ſleep. Scarce does he ſlumber, but he ſtarts, awakened by the dreadful apprehenſion, that already the iron hand of oppreſſion is about to repeat the accuſtomed wanton cruelties. Thus overpowered by fatigue and fear, nature refuſes her wonted balm. A croud of thoughts ruſh into his indignant mind, and after long pondering on his wretched condition, he breaks forth into the following

COMPLAINT.

Forc'd from home and all its pleaſures,
Afric's coaſt I left forlorn;
To encreaſe a ſtranger's treaſures,
O'er the raging billows borne:
Men from England bought and ſold me,
Paid my price in paltry gold;
But tho' their's they have enroll'd me,
Minds are never to be ſold.

Still in thought as free as ever,
What are England's rights, I aſk?
Me from my delights to ſever—
Me to torture, me to taſk.
Fleecy locks and black complexion,
Cannot forfeit nature's claim;
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the ſame.

Why did all creating nature,
Make the plant for which we toil;
Sighs muſt fan it, tears muſt water,
Sweat of ours muſt dreſs the ſoil.

Think ye maſters, iron-hearted,
Lolling at your jovial boards,
Think how many backs have ſmarted,
For the ſweets your cane affords.

Is there, as you ſometimes tell us,
Is there one who reigns on high?
Has he bid you buy and ſell us,
Speaking from his throne—the ſky?
Aſk him if your knotted ſcourges,
Fetters, blood-extorting ſcrews;
Are the means which duty urges,
Agents of his will to uſe?

Hark! he anſwers—wild tornadoes
Strewing yonder ſeas with wrecks,
Waſting towns, plantations, meadows,
Are the voice with which he ſpeaks.
He foreſeeing what vexation,
Afric's ſons would undergo,
Fix'd their tyrant's habitation,
Where his whirlwind anſwers—No.

By our blood in Afric waſted,
Ere our neck receiv'd the chain—
By the Miſeries which we taſted,
Croſſing in your barks the main—
By our ſufferings ſince you bought us,
To the man-degrading mart,
All ſuſtain'd with patience taught us,
Only by a broken heart.

Deem our nation brutes no longer,
Till ſome reaſon you ſhall find,
Worthier of regard, and ſtronger,
Than the color of our kind.
Slaves to gold, whoſe ſordid dealings,
Tarniſh all your boaſted powers;
Prove that you have human feelings,
Ere you proudly queſtion ours.

The teſtimonies which have been produced of the horror and wretchedneſs, which in Africa and the Weſt-Indies are the immediate offſpring of ſlavery, ſtand unimpeached. This evidence is ſo ſtrong as to maintain its ground againſt all which intereſt and avarice can ſuggeſt; no arguments then are neceſſary to prove to the impartial mind, which has attentively conſidered this evidence, that the above lines give us a natural expreſſion of ſentiments which the unhappy and enſlaved negro muſt feel. It is earneſtly requeſted that every one in whoſe hands this paper may chance to come, would therefore only realize, in idea, this wretched condition—place themſelves in the ſame ſituation, and then ſay whether they can refuſe to contribute all in their power to the abolition of a ſyſtem of trade which has introduced anguiſh and diſtreſs into the abodes of hilarity and contentment—which has made the prince the plunderer of his country—which has overturned all moral principle, and through an extent of thouſands of miles, has reduced to an Alcdema the regions of ſimplicity. A ſyſtem of trade, which, after

having occaſioned all theſe evils, and encouraging every wicked paſſion of the human heart, carries annually, far from their native plains, thouſands of wretched victims to pine away, oppreſſed with hunger, fatigue, and miſery, and doomed to die an hundred deaths in one.

What human mind can refuſe to exert its whole influence, however ſmall—what benevolent mind would not willingly ſacrifice many gratifications for the termination of ſo accurſed a traffic. Yea, what mind would not rejoice to have it in its power to make ſuch ſacrifices, and thus give full proof of its abhorrence of what it profeſſes to deteſt?

HUMANITY.

Selected for the Evening Fire-side.

Among the Britiſh Claſſical authors, there have been few who have ranked higher, as able ſatiriſts, than Goldſmith; he has the ſingular happineſs of pleaſing every claſs of readers—we ſhall, therefore, offer no apology for preſenting the following eſſay from the pen of that elegant and lively writer:

I remember to have read in ſome philoſopher (I believe in Tom Brown's works) that, let a man's character, ſentiments or complection be what they will, he can find company in London to match them. If he be ſplenetic, he may every day meet companions on the ſeats in St. James's Park, with whoſe groans he may mix with his own, and pathetically talk of the weather. If he be paſſionate, he may vent his rage among the old orators at Slaughter's coffee-houſe, and damn the nation becauſe it keeps him from ſtarving. If he be phlegmatic, he may ſit in ſilence at the humdrum club in Ivy lane; and if actually mad, he may find very good company in Moor fields, either at Bedlam or at the Foundery, ready to cultivate a nearer acquaintance.

But, although ſuch as have a knowledge of the town, may eaſily claſs themſelves with tempers congenial to their own; a countryman who comes to live in London, finds nothing more difficult. With regard to myſelf, none ever tried with more aſſiduity, or came off with ſuch indifferent ſucceſs. I ſpent a whole ſeaſon in the ſearch, during which time my name has been enrolled in ſocieties, lodges, convocations, and meetings without number. To ſome I was introduced by a friend, to others invited by an advertiſement; to theſe I introduced myſelf, and to thoſe I changed my name to gain admittance. In ſhort, no coquette was more ſolicitous to match her ribbons to her complexion, than I to ſuit my club to my temper, for I was too obſtinate to bring my temper to conform to it.

The firſt club I entered upon coming to town, was that of the Choice Spirits. The name was entirely ſuited to my taſte; I was a lover of mirth, good humour, and even ſometimes of fun, from my childhood.

As no other paſſport was requiſite but the payment of two ſhillings at the door, I introduced myſelf without further ceremony to the members, who were already aſſembled, and had, for ſome time begun upon buſineſs. The Grand, with a mallet in his hand, preſided at the head of the table. I could not avoid upon my entrance, making uſe of all my ſkill in phiſiognomy in order to diſcover that ſuperiority of genius in men, who had taken a title ſo ſuperior to the reſt of of mankind: I expected to ſee the lines of every face marked with ſtrong thinking; but though I had ſome ſkill in this ſcience, I could for my life diſcover nothing but a pert ſimper, fat, or profound ſtupidity.

My ſpeculations were ſoon interrupted by the Grand, who had knocked down Mr. Spriggins for a ſong. I was, upon this, whiſpered by one of the company who ſat next me, that I ſhould now ſee ſomething touched off to a nicety, for Mr. Spriggins was a going to give us Mad Tom in all its glory. Mr. Spriggins endeavoured to excuſe himſelf; for, as he was to act a madman and a king, it was impoſſible to go through the part properly without a crown and chains. His excuſes were over-ruled by a great majority, and with much vociferation. The preſident ordered up the jack-chain, and inſtead of a crown, our performer covered his brows with an inverted jordan. After he had rattled his chain and ſhook his head to the great delight of the whole company, he began his ſong. As I have heard few young fellows offer to ſing in company, that did not expoſe themſelves, it was no great diſappointment to me to find Mr. Spriggins among the number; however, not to ſeem an odd fiſh, I roſe from my ſeat in rapture, cried out, Bravo! Encore! and ſlapped the table as loud as the reſt.

The gentleman who ſat next me ſeemed highly pleased with my taſte, and the ardour of my approbation; and whiſpering, told me that I had ſuffered an immenſe loſs; for, had I come a few minutes ſooner, I might have heard Geeho-Dobbin ſung in a tip-top manner by the pimpled noſe ſpirit at the preſident's right elbow: but he was evaporated before I came.

As I was expreſſing my uneaſineſs at this diſappointment, I found the attention of the company employed upon a fat figure, who, with a voice more rough than the Sctffordſhire giant's, was given us, The Softly Sweet, in Lydian Meaſure, of Alexander's Feaſt. After a ſhort pauſe of admiration, to this ſucceeded a Welch dialogue, with the humours of Teague and Taffy: after that, came an Old Jackſon, with a ſtory between every ſtanza: next was ſung the Duſt-cart, and then Solomon's Song. The glaſs began now to circulate prettly freely; thoſe who were ſilent when ſober, would now be heard in their turn; every man had his ſong, and he ſaw no reaſon why he ſhould not be heard as well as the reſt: one begged to be heard while he gave Death and the Lady in high taſte; another ſung to a plate which he kept trundling on the edges; nothing was now heard but ſinging; voice roſe above voice till the whole became one univerſal ſhout, when the landlord came to acquaint the company that the reckoning was drank out. Rabelais calls the moments in which a reckoning is mentioned the moſt melancholy of our lives: never was ſo much noiſe ſo quickly quelled, as by this ſhort but pathetic oration of our landlord: Drank out, was echoed in a tone of diſcontent round the table: Drank out already! that was very odd! that ſo much punch ſhould be drank out already: impoſſible! The landlord, however, ſeeming reſolved not to retreat from the firſt aſſurances, the company was diſſolved, and a preſident choſen for the night enſuing.

A friend of mine, to whom I was complaining ſome time after of the entertainment I have been deſcribing, propoſed to bring me to the club that he frequented; which he fancied would ſuit the gravity of my temper exactly. 'We have at the Muzzy club,' ſays he, 'no riotous mirth, nor awkward ribaldry; no confuſion or bawling; all is conducted with wiſdom and decency: beſides ſome of our members are worth forty thouſand pounds; men of prudence and foreſight every one of them: theſe are the proper acquaintance, and to ſuch I will to-night introduce you.' I was charmed at the propoſal! to be acquainted with men worth forty thouſand pounds, and to talk wiſdom the whole night, were offers that threw me into rapture.

At ſeven o'clock I was accordingly introduced by my friend, not indeed to the company; for, though I made my beſt bow,

they ſeemd inſenſible to my approach, but to the table at which they were ſitting. Upon my entering the room, I could not avoid feeling a ſecret veneration from the olemnity of the ſcene before me; the members kept a profound ſilence, each with a pipe in his mouth, and a pewter pot in his hand, & with faces that might eaſily be conſtrued into abſolute wiſdom. Happy ſociety, thought I to myſelf, where the members think before they ſpeak, deliver nothing raſhly, but convey their thoughts to each other pregnant with meaning, and matured by reflection.

In this pleaſing ſpeculation I continued a full half an hour, expecting each moment that ſomebody would begin to open his mouth; every time the pipe was laid down I expected it was to ſpeak; but it was only to ſpit. At length, reſolving to break the charm myſelf, and overcome their extreme diffidence, for to this I imputed their ſilence, I rubbed my hands, and, looking as wiſe as poſſible, obſerved that the nights began to grow a little cooliſh at this time of the year. This, as it was directed to none of the company in particular, none thought himſelf obliged to anſwer; wherefore I ſtill continued to rub my hands and look wiſe. My next effort was addreſſed to a gentleman who ſat next me; to whom I obſerved that the beer was extreme good: my neighbour made no reply but by a large puff of tobacco ſmoak.

I now began to be uneaſy in this dumb ſociety, till one of them a little relieved me by obſerving, that bread had not riſen theſe three weeks; 'Aye,' ſays another, ſtill keeping the pipe in his mouth, 'that puts me in mind of a pleaſant ſtory about that ——hem——very well; you muſt know ——but, before I begin,——Sir, my ſervice to you——where was I?——

My next club goes by the name of the Harmonical Society, probably from the love of order and friendſhip which every perſon commends in inſtitutions of this nature. The landlord was himſelf founder. The money ſpent is four pence each; and they ſometimes whip for a double reckoning. To this club few recommendations are requiſite, except the introductory four pence, and my landlord's good word, which as he gains by it, he never refuſes.

We all here talked and behaved as every body elſe does on his club night; we diſcuſſed the topic of the day, drank each others healths, ſnuffed the candles with our fingers, and filled our pipes from the ſame plate of tobacco. The company ſaluted each other in the common manner. Mr. Bellows-mender hoped Mr. Curry-comb-maker had not caught cold going home the laſt club night; and he returned the compliment, by hoping young Maſter Bellows-mender had got well again of the chin-cough. Doctor Twiſt told a ſtory of a parliament-man with whom he was intimately acquainted; while the Bugman, at the ſame time, was telling a better ſtory of a noble lord with whom he could do any thing. A gentleman in a black wig and leather breeches, at t'other end of the table, was engaged in a long narrative of the Ghoſt in Cock-lane; he had read it in the papers of the day, and was telling it to ſome that ſet next him, who could not read. Near him Mr. Dibbins was diſputing on the old ſubject of religion, with a Jew pedlar, over the table, while the preſident vainly knocked down Mr. Leatherſides for a ſong. Beſides the combination of theſe voices, which I could hear altogether, and which formed an upper part to the concert, there were ſeveral others playing under parts by themſelves, and endeavouring to faſten on ſome luckleſs neighbour's ear, who was himſelf bent upon the ſame deſign againſt ſome other.

We have often heard of the ſpeech of a corporation, and this induced me to tranſcribe a ſpeech of this club, taken in ſhort hand, word for word, as it was ſpoken by every member of the company. It may be neceſſary to obſerve, that the man who told of the ghoſt, had the loudeſt voice, and the longeſt ſtory to tell, ſo that his continuing narrative filled every chaſm in the converſation.

'So, Sir,' d'ye perceive me, the ghoſt giving three loud raps at the hed poſt.—Says my lord to me, My dear Smokeum, you know there is no man upon the face of the earth for whom I have ſo high—A damnable falſe heretical opinion of all ſound doctrine and good learning; for I'll tell it aloud, and ſpare not that—Silence for a ſong; Mr. Leatherſides for a ſong—'As I was a was a walking upon the highway, I met a young damſel'—Then what brings you here? ſays the parſon to the ghoſt—Sanconiathan, Manetho and Beroſus—The whole way from Iſlington turnpike to Doghouſe bar—Dam—As for Abel Drugger, Sir, he's confounded low in it; my 'prentice boy has more of the gentleman than he—For murder will out ſome time or another; and none but a ghoſt, you know, gentlemen, can——hang me if I don't; for my friend, whom you know, gentlemen, and who is a parliament-man, a man of conſequence, a dear, honeſt creature, to be ſure; we were laughing laſt night at—Death and damnation upon all his poſterity, by ſimply barely taſting—Sour grapes, as the fox ſaid once when he could not reach them; and I'll, I'll tell you a ſtory about that, that will make you burſt your ſides with laughing: A fox once—Will nobody liſten to the ſong—'As I was a walking upon the highway, I met a young damſel both buxom and gay—No ghoſt, gentlemen, can be murdered; nor did I ever hear but of one ghoſt killed in all my life, and that was ſtabbed in the belly with a—My blood and ſoul if I don't—Mr. Bellows-mender, I have the honour to drink your very good health ---Blaſt me if I do---dam---blood----bugs fire---whizz---blid---titt---rap trip.--

Were I to be angry at men being fools, I could here find ample room for declamation; but, alas! I have been a fool myſelf; and why ſhould I be angry with them for being ſomething ſo natural to every child of humanity.

(To be concluded in our next.)

For the Evening Fire-side.

My Dear Eds,

On preſenting myſelf at the door of a neighbour's houſe early this morning, with whom I had ſome buſineſs, I was introduced into a parlour, from whence four *Old Maids* had juſt taken their departure for a morning's excurſion, and being ſoon after left alone, my attention was attracted by ſome papers in a window, amongſt which I found the following, which I haſtened to tranſcribe before their return, as a treat to you; for reſt aſſured, dear Eds, I am much pleaſed with it myſelf.

A BACHELOR.

Oct. 17, 1806.

* * * *

Turn to this cheerful band
Moſt lovely theſe! when judg'd by generous truth,
Though beauty is not their's, nor blooming youth—
For theſe are they who in life's thorny ſhade,
Repine not, at the term of *Ancient Maid.*
No proud diſdain, no narrowneſs of heart,
Held them from Hymen's tempting rites apart;
But fair diſcretion led them to withdraw,
From the priz'd honour of his proffer'd law.

With ſmiles they bore, from angry ſpleen exempt,
Injurious mockery and coarſe contempt;
'Twas their's to claſp—each ſelfiſh care above,
A ſiſter's orphan with parental love;
And all *her* tender offices ſupply,
Though bound not by the ſtrong maternal tie;
'Twas to bid inteſtine quarrels ceaſe,
And form the cement of domeſtic peace.
No throbbing joy their ſpotleſs boſoms fir'd,

Save what benevolence herself inspir'd;
No praise they sought, except that praise refin'd,
Which the heart whispers to the worthy mind.

Selected for the Evening Fire-side.

ON THE COMPARATIVE EXCELLENCE OF THE SCIENCES AND ARTS.

BY MR. WILLIAM ROSCOE.

From Vol. III. of "Memoirs of the Manchester Literary Society."

(Continued from our laſt.)

In purſuing the ſubject, it will however be neceſſary to advert to the different channels, into which this great branch of ſcience is divided. Theſe are, firſt, the knowledge of intellect, called metaphyſics; ſecondly, the knowledge of the extent and quantity of ſubſtance, called mathematics; and thirdly, the knowledge of particular properties of ſubſtances, uſually called phyſics.

"The mind of man," ſays a late excellent writer, "is the nobleſt work of God which nature diſcovers to us, and therefore on account of its dignity deſerves our ſtudy." That this is the primary and moſt important branch of natural philoſophy, muſt be evident to any one who conſiders that, before we apply ourſelves to acquire extraneous knowledge, we ought to aſcertain what particular kind our faculties are adapted to attain; and having ſeen what is, and what is not in our power, we may then be enabled to purſue ſuch ſubjects as are within our reach; and not imprudently laviſh our time on thoſe which come not within the ſcope of the faculties with which we are endowed.

The ſcience of mathematics is converſant with the extent and quantity of ſubſtances; and teaches the unchangeable and univerſal properties of viſible objects. It therefore precedes the ſtudy of phyſics, whoſe province it is to enquire into the particular nature and laws of ſuch objects. If the pleaſures received from ſcientific purſuits depend on the inveſtigation and acquiſition of truth, the ſtudy of the mathematics is of all others the moſt capable of affording enjoyment; its concluſions not depending on the ſubtlety of argument or the fallacy of language, but being capable either of ſenſible demonſtration, or immediately referring to the firſt principle of human reaſon. It may alſo be added, that this ſcience ſeems more complete nd perfect than any other, as it generally attains the full end it aims at; whereas in all other ſciences we expect to improve, rather than to perfect knowledge.

Under the comprehenſive denomination of phyſics are included many particular ſtudies, each of which affords ample materials for inveſtigation. The profeſſed ſubject of its enquiry is the whole ſyſtems of material nature: in the purſuit of which branch of learning it ſeems proper, in the firſt place, to acquire a general knowledge of the Univerſe, as far as it is diſcoverable either by our natural endowments, or the artificial aſſiſtance with which human invention has ſupplied us; and from thence to proceed, in our enquiries, through the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms; which employment, as it includes all we know of the earth we inhabit, has acquired the name of Natural Hiſtory.

It is by no means my intention to enter into a detail of the ſeveral ſtudies which properly arrange themſelves under theſe different heads: it is ſufficient to have indicated the pre-eminence and ſubordination which ſeem to ſubſiſt between the different objects of ſcience, and to have ſhewn the neceſſity of adopting ſimilar diſtinctions.

It muſt however be remarked, that it is not perhaps in our power to purſue the ſciences in the preciſe order here pointed out; for there is a connection throughout the whole ſyſtem of human knowledge, which renders it impoſſible to arrive at excellence in any one branch, whilſt we remain totally ignorant of the reſt. The tendency of natural philoſophy to promote the intereſts of morality, has already been hinted at; and the ſcience of mathematics is in like manner intimately connected with other branches of natural philoſophy.

I muſt alſo remark, that though under the general heads before-mentioned, I mean to comprehend all human ſcience; yet they by no means include every literary attainment, in the purſuit of which mankind are buſied; many of which are acquired only for the purpoſe of being again employed in the attainment of further knowledge. But, as a ſkilful artificer, before he commences an important work, will beſtow great attention in providing the implements neceſſary for his purpoſe; ſo it will behove us to be diligent in attaining theſe preliminary endowments, without which our labours may either be partially fruſtrated, or may entirely fail of ſucceſs.

Of real knowledge there are two ſources, ſolitary obſervation or enquiry; and information derived from the previous knowledge of others; which laſt is by far the moſt copious of the two; but as this can only be communicated by the aid of language, either oral or written, ſo the certainty of the ideas we thus acquire, will depend on the ſkill we have attained in that language, by means of which the information is conveyed.

Thus the acquiſition of different languages becomes neceſſary; but in this, as in other inſtances, care muſt be taken that we miſtake not the means for the end; and whilſt we are employed in preparing further materials, ſuffer not ſo much of the building as we have already erected to fall to decay. To exert ourſelves in attaining a knowledge of language, for the purpoſe of employing that knowledge in higher purſuits, is truly laudable; but to be converſant only with words, and ſuffer the ſcience to center in itſelf, is abſurd and improvident.

It is unneceſſary to enter into an enquiry, how far tranſlations may ſupply the deficiences of claſſical learning; or to point out the many advantages of which ſuch learning is productive; this having been already done, by an author* to whom the public are under many important obligations. On the reſult of his "Inquiry into the uſefulneſs of Claſſical Learning," I ſhall take it for granted, that a knowledge of the ancient languages is of great advantage in many departments of ſcience; from the exerciſe of the mind in the abſtruſer parts of grammatical ſtudy, it acquires a facility and accuracy of diſtinction which no other occupation can beſtow; and by a proper ſelection of authors we may advance our real knowledge in any particular ſcience, whilſt we are procuring the means of applying ourſelves with advantage to further ſtudies.

If language be conſidered as an implement for the purpoſe of attaining, or improving knowledge, logic is that art which teaches us how to make a right uſe of ſuch implement; whilſt philoſophy, or the ſcience of criticiſm, maintains the purity of language, and guards it againſt thoſe innovations which inattention, faſhion, and habit, are too apt to introduce.

Theſe ſtudies, if they come not properly under the denomination of ſcience, are eſſential to the due proſecution of it. Whilſt they ſupport their dignity, we may reſt ſatisfied that true knowledge maintains its ground; but when theſe begin to be neglected, there is the greateſt reaſon to believe that ignorance and barbariſm are again

* Beattie.

aiming to eſtabliſh their ancient empire, and to fear that their endeavours are not without ſucceſs.

It has been before obſerved, that the pleaſures we receive from the fine arts depend on an original or inſtinctive power of the mind, which I have choſen to call the ſentimental faculty: meaning to infer, that, as the improvements we make in virtue and knowledge, are founded on the moral and rational powers; ſo the acquiſitions we make in the arts, conſiſt in the improvement of certain feelings intimately connected by ſome ſecret and inexplicable union with the effects of thoſe arts.

Whether the improvement of this faculty be, like that of our other endowments, a duty incumbent on us; and if ſo, whether that duty ought to have a preference to any, and which, of thoſe particular occupations we have before noticed; and again, which of thoſe particular occupations we have before noticed; and again, which of thoſe arts, employed in the cultivation of our feelings, is moſt powerful and efficacious in that reſpect, and ought more particularly to claim our regard, are queſtions which might admit of long enquiry, but which I ſhall touch upon as briefly as poſſible.

(To be concluded in our next.)

EPIGRAM.

At a tavern one night,
Meſſrs. *More*, *Strange*, and *Wright*,
Met to drink, and good thoughts to exchange;
Says More, "Of us three,
The whole town will agree,
There is only one knave, and that's *Strange*."
"Yes," ſaid Strange, (rather ſore)——
"I'm ſure there's one *More*,
A moſt terrible knave, and a bite;
Who cheated his mother,
His ſiſter and brother——:"
"O yes," replied More, "that is *Wright*."

A STRIKING EXAMPLE.

Addiſon, after a long and manly, but vain ſtruggle with his diſtemper, diſmiſſed his phyſicians, and with them, all hopes of life. But with his hopes of life he diſmiſſed not his concerns for the living, but ſent for a youth nearly related, and finely accompliſhed, but not above being the better for good impreſſions from a dying friend.

He came—but life was glimmering in the ſocket—the dying friend was ſilent. After a decent pauſe, the youth addreſſed him thus: "Dear Sir! you ſent for me, I believe and I hope you have ſome commands; if you have, I ſhall hold them moſt ſacred."

May diſtant ages not only hear, but feel the reply! Forcibly graſping the youth's hand, he ſoftly ſaid, "*See in what peace a Chriſtian can die!*" He ſpoke with difficulty, and ſoon expired.

TO A YOUNG LADY

Who expreſſed her regret that ſhe was not profoundly ſkilled in Science and Literature.—By Moore.

Never mind how the pedagogue proſes,
You want not antiquity's ſtamp;
The lip, that's ſo ſcented with roſes,
Oh! never muſt ſmell of the lamp.

Old Chloe, whoſe withering kiſſes
Have long ſet the loves at defiance,
Now, done with the ſcience of bliſſes,
May fly to the bliſſes of ſcience.

Young Sapho, for want of employment,
Alone o'er her Ovid may melt,
Condemn'd but to read of enjoyment,
Which wiſer Corinna had felt.

But for *you* to be buried in books,
Oh, Fanny! they're pitiful ſages,
Who could not in *one* of your looks
Read more than in *millions of pages*.

Aſtronomy finds in your eye
Better lights than ſhe ſtudies above,
And muſic muſt borrow your ſigh,
As the melody deareſt to love.

In ethics—'tis you that can check
In a minute their doubts and their quarrels,
Oh! ſhew but that mole on your neck,
And 'twill ſoon put an end to their morals.

Your Arithmetic only can trip
When to kiſs and to count you endeavour,
But eloquence glows on your lip,
When you ſwear that you'll love me forever.

Thus you ſee what a brilliant alliance
Of arts is aſſembled in you,
A courſe of more exquiſite ſcience,
Man never need wiſh to go through.

And oh! if a fellow like me
May confer a diploma of hearts,
With my lips thus I ſeal your degree,
My divine little miſtreſs of Arts!

ELEGANT EXTRACT.

"The female mind is naturally credulous, affectionate, and, in its attachments, ardent. If, in her peculiar ſituation, her aſſiduities muſt be deemed in any degree culpable, let us remember that this is but a veſſel of refined clay. When the awful record of her errors is enrolled, may that ſigh which was breathed for the miſery of a fellow mortal, waft away the ſcroll, and the tears which flowed for the calamities of others, float the memorial down the ſtream of oblivion!

"On the errors of women let us look with the allowance and humanity of men. Enchanting woman! thou balm of life! ſoother of ſorrow! ſolace of the ſoul! how doſt thou leſſen the load of human miſery, and lead the wretched into the valley of delight! without thee how heavily would men drag through a dreary world! but if the white hand of a faſcinating female be twined round his arm, how joyous, how lightly doth he trip along the path!

"That warm and tender friend, who in the moſt trying ſituations, retains fondneſs, and in every change of fortune preſerves unabated love, ought to be embraced as the firſt beniſon of heaven—the completion of earthly happineſs. Let man draw ſuch a prize in the lottery of life, and glide down the ſtream of exiſtence with ſuch a partner; neither the cold, averted eye of a ſummer friend, nor the frowns of an adverſe fortune, ſhould produce a pang, nor excite a murmur."

ANTIDOTE.

On the Banks of the Rio Grande, in Africa, ſalt is ſaid to be produced which is proved to be an inſtantaneous and infallible remedy againſt poiſon. The manner in which it was diſcovered is curious. It appears to have been owing to an elephant which though wounded by a poiſoned arrow, a weapon with which the Negroes deſtroy thoſe animals for the ſake of their teeth, continued, to the aſtoniſhment of the hunters, to walk and graze without ſhewing any ſign of pain. One of the negroes recollected that the elephant had gone, on being ſtruck by the arrow, to the bank of a ſtream, and had conveyed ſome ſand to its mouth by means of its trunk; but, on looking at what they conceived to be ſand, they found it was a whitiſh ſalt, having a ſlight taſte of allum. To effect a radical cure of any poiſon that may have been abſorbed, it is only neceſſary to drink a drachm of this ſalt diſſolved in water.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

London, Aug. 13.

The French armies are on the *alerte* in every part of Germany. No rational conjecture

can be formed as to the precise object of these extraordinary movements.—The general presumption, however, is that they are connected with the projected changes in the constitution of the German Empire. To controul Austria and awe Prussia and her allies, is more essential to the consummation of Bonaparte's plans at the present moment than ever. It is stated in our private letters, that he meditates some serious opposition to it. All the troops in Holland have suddenly received orders to the Elbs, and the Prussian forces under general Blucher are likewise defiling towards that river. There are not wanting people on the continent who speculate upon the probability of a quarrel between these two powers. That Prussia, by a great parade of her military strength, may endeavour to extort something from Bonaparte, is by no means unlikely; it would be consistent with her usual course of policy. But that she seriously meditates upon goin to war with France, is reconcileable with no principle whatever of her ordinary prudence.

The repeated conferences between the French Ambassador at Vienna, and the Austrian Minister, are said to be on the subject of the German Confederation. It has, we understand, been proposed to Francis II. to commit a kind of political suicide upon himself, and to subdicate his title as head of the German Empire —Should the Emperor consent to this, without some kind of struggle, we cannot perceive how he or these who succeed him are to avail themselves of his present protests, remonstrances or opposition. These menacing movements among the French armies might, however, have been the consequence of instructions transmitted previous to the conclusion of the treaty with Russia. That important event does not appear to have been matter of general notoriety in Germany, so late as the 29th of last month.

It is yet to be seen whether Prussia has consented to the plan and principles of the new German League. It is supposed that a proposal has been made to her from France, to place herself at the head of a Northern German Confederacy, as the latter intends to do with the Southern League. There are few however, of the German Princes, who will be anxious to place themselves under the protection of Prussia at this moment.

Bonaparte is expected to be present at the first meeting of the Deputies of the new German Diet, which is to take place at Frankfort on the first of next month.—The German papers contain the principal features in the new system, for their details offer nothing interesting to the generality of English readers.

Philadelphia, Oct. 23.

☞ The ship Ocean, capt. Girdon, in 34 days from Bordeaux, has arrived below. She sailed from Bordeaux the 11th September, and from the Cordovan the 17th ult. The verbal information furnished by capt. Girdon is, that the Emperor of Russia had refused to ratify the treaty negociated at Paris, by his minister D'Oubril; a measure, which it is presumed, will have an important effect on the relations of Europe.

On the 11th September betts at Bordeaux were even, that Lord Lauderdale had left Paris without effecting the object of his mission.

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Since writing the above, we have seen a passenger in the Ocean, who has politely favoured us with a file of Bordeaux papers to the 11th September, containing Paris dates to the 7th. We have no time to translate more than the following:—

An article under the head of Paris, Sept. 5, after detailing the progress of the negociation between Russia and France, from its commencement to its conclusion proceeds thus:

'However, M. Ruffin, chancellor of the French consulate in Russia, arrived yesterday from Petersburg, and brings intelligence that in consequence of a change of ministers, the effect of the new principles adopted by the Russian government, and the extraordinary influence the English party has obtained over the new cabinet, the treaty of the 20th July has not been ratified.'

Thus hostilities between France and Russia, are about to recommence. The conquerors at Ulm and Austerlitz, are again assembled under their standard, and approach the field of their triumphs.—More powerful in numbers, more formidable than ever, by that organization which has never been equalled, they wait with impatience the impulse of the great soul which animates them.

However, nothing can induce us to presume, that a general continental war will be renewed.

In every event, the Emperor, as well as the French people are prepared for all chances, and the armies of his majesty will be found whenever it shall be necessary to combat for a durable and glorious peace.

(Relf.)

Letters from Boston announce the arrival there of the ship New-Galen from London, with intelligence to the 4th of September, at which time the expectation of Lord Lauderdale's speedy return to England, and the prospect of continued war, had caused a great depression of the stocks. Mr. Fox it is added, has experienced a relapse, and was so unwell that little hopes were entertained of his surviving more than three or four days.

[ibid.]

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DOMESTIC.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 25.

On Friday the 17th inst. the newly elected members of the Select and Common Councils were inducted into office.—*Robert Ralston*, Esq. was elected President of the Select and *Timothy Paxson*, Esq. President of the Common Council,—and on Tuesday following, *Robert Wharton*, Esq. was duly elected Mayor of the City.

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NEW-YORK, Oct. 17.

An ingenious project for fortifying the harbour of New-York at the Narrows, between Long-Island and Staten-Island, by Mr. Archibald Robertson of New-York, has been forwarded to General Dearbon, the secretary of war. The mode proposed is by a chain and boom, anchored at a salient angle between Signal Hill and the shoal opposite Denis's: the chain is to be defended by batteries and gun-boats. It is reported that the proposal of Mr. Robertson has been very favourably spoken of by Col. Williams.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Don Quixote, we have found to be quite as crazy as his predecessor *The Knight of the Rueful Countenance*, we of course were under the necessity of placing him in *confinement*—his servant *Sancho* has followed the fortunes of his master.

Maria might be enraptured with the ardor of *Icarius'* love, but never with the elegance of his poetry.

Sir Simon Brevity, though somewhat improved by his new dress, is not yet sufficiently genteel, to be admitted to the Fire-side circle.

L. not having afforded sufficient data upon which to determine his Mathematical question —we have declined inserting it.

We are much pleased with the moral of H's. fable, and would have been yet more pleased had his poetry sufficient merit to justify its publication.

Lindorff has hailed *in vain* the Pierian muse.

Smok'em will find that his strictures have been anticipated.

The Editors must regret with their readers, the absence, at this time, of many valuable correspondents—called off by the engagements of business or pleasure, they have deserted our *Fire-side*; is it then to be wondered at that it should be so barren and cheerless? But we do not despond—we expect they will return to give worth and elegance to our columns.

PUBLISHED BY JOSEPH RAKESTRAW,
NO. 84, NORTH FRONT-STREET,

Where Subscriptions and Communications (post paid) *will be received.*

Subscriptions will also be received at BENJAMIN JOHNSON'S *Book-Store, No. 249, Market-Street, Philadelphia, and by*

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